

Placebo Affection: LKJ's Visitor

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Summary

Ratboy is missing, and Baby is looking for him.

Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

A distant thudding echoed through the empty castle. The soft crackling of redstone under the marble floors pricked John's delicate ears. A bell next to his bed rang and he tumbled out of bed in shock, his arms flailing around in his stupor.

He adjusted himself to reality. Outside, the sky was black and rain was falling in buckets. Suddenly John was feeling nauseous. It couldn't be another flood, could it? His sleepy confusion melted away into panic. Maybe Old froggy was at the door and had come to save him again. He had to go answer the door.

John was hardly presentable, in nothing but his silk nightgown. He tugged on a robe and scrambled downstairs to greet whoever was at the door at this hour.

The foyer was not flooded, to John's relief, and he was able to get to the front door just fine. The wood creaked as the machinery cranked the door open. John's face prickled with warmth at the sight of his visitor.

"Baby! You came to visit me!"

His baby's eyes were cold and unforgiving. She was soaked by rain and stood clutching her arms and shivering. Through her quaking voice she spoke confidently.

"Where is Ratboy."

John couldn't form a response. Baby shoved past him and into the castle.

"I um. Haven't seen him." John squeaked. He was painfully aware of how suspicious he was acting, but trying to cover it up would make him look worse. He told the truth, as it was all he could say at the moment.

"You obviously kidnapped him, John! That's all you ever do!"

"That was one time!"

John felt his neck stretch defiantly, putting a more significant height difference between him and Baby.

"Where is he?"

"I don't know!"

Baby made a strangled noise of frustration and turned on her heel with a squeak of her shoes. She stormed off down a hallway, leaving a trail of puddles behind her.

"Baby, wait!"

John slipped and contorted suddenly to stop himself from falling flat on his face.

“You’re wet. We need to get you dry before you catch a cold. You’ll be no use in looking for Ratboy if you are sick.”

Baby frowned and balled her fists.

“Fine.”

Her words dripped with venom.

John removed his robe and draped it over Baby’s shoulders, motioning for her to follow him upstairs.

“What took you so long to answer the door?”

“I was asleep, Baby. And my castle is very large. It took me a moment to get from my room down to the foyer.”

John opened the door to his bedroom and walked inside. Baby lingered at the doorway. John opened his wardrobe and searched for something suitable for her to change into.

It was common knowledge that John was quite small for a king, and his clothes were tailored to fit him and him only. Baby was much taller than him, with wider hips and chest. John found the largest nightgown he had and stretched an arm over to hand it to her.

“Change into this, please.”

“No.”

John’s heart thudded against his chest. Why did she always have to make everything so difficult?

He sweetened his voice.

“Please?”

“No! I don’t need it! I’ll be fine!”

John was completely and utterly focused on Baby’s comfort and safety, he could not stand for her stubbornness.

“Baby, please. You’re cold and wet and I’m not going to let you search for Ratboy in such a state. You are going to change and dry off and get a full night of sleep. Ratboy is a very brave rat. He will be fine for tonight. I promise I will help you search for him tomorrow morning.”

Baby was quiet.

“You promise?”

“I promise. Now please get changed, I will prepare my bed for you.”

“Where will you sleep?”

“On the chair over there, don’t worry, it’s quite comfortable.”

John slumped down in the chair in the corner, and let his eyes flutter shut. He took great comfort in the sound of Baby’s footsteps from in front of him, as it made him feel less alone.

John heard her wet clothes hit the floor and took a full five seconds to fully process that Baby was changing her clothes in front of him. It took every ounce of kingly dignity and respect in him to keep his eyes shut. John heard the bed creak, likely signaling she had finished. He took a cautious peek.

Baby was sitting on his bed, wearing the tight-fitting nightgown and twisting her damp hair into braids. Her eyes wandered around his grand bedroom, then suddenly snapped towards him. Her eyes narrowed.

“You weren’t looking, were you?”

“Of course not, Baby.”

“If you did, I didn’t see you. Consider yourself lucky.”

John fell quiet. Baby turned away with a frustrated groan.

“Just... turn out the lights, will you.”

“Of course.”

John pressed a small stone button on the wall and, with a crackle of redstone, the lights swiftly went out.

John was able to get comfortable, draping himself over the armrests, but Baby was constantly tossing and turning. John gave her a good half hour for her to try to settle in before speaking up.

“Baby? Are you still awake?”

“Mhmm.”

“What’s wrong?”

Baby sat up.

“It’s just- I’m-“

“What?”

“I’m worried. I can’t sleep without him. The pillows don’t work, he’s warm and soft and breathes-“

There was a long pause before Baby spoke again, quietly.

“John, can you do me a favor?”

“Your wish is my command.”

“Don’t make it weird, just- come here.”

John shuffled over to Baby’s bedside. Before he could say anything she pulled him down on top of her. Her arms constricted him in a suffocating embrace, squeezing his waist like a corset.

“If you have anything to do with Ratboy’s disappearance I’ll make sure you don’t wake up tomorrow morning.”

She hissed into his ear.

John could barely speak, let alone move. He had never once shared a bed with someone, and nor had he ever received a hug —if you could call this a hug and not a form of strangulation — either. The feeling was entirely foreign, but he could not get enough of how warm it was.

After a while, Baby’s grip loosened and her breathing slowed. She began to trace light and delicate shapes in his fur with her fingertips, sending chills through his body. She yawned and nuzzled a cheek against his ribs.

“You’re very soft.”

He hummed in response, still feeling melty from her warmth. His back arched with every other tingle sent down his spine.

He felt a jolt of jealousy when he realized that Ratboy got this treatment nightly; and he wasn’t even a king! But alas, Baby was not his lover, nor would she ever be. As long as Ratboy existed. John opted to savor this moment as much as he possibly could.

End Notes

Yeah so I'm posting oneshots I've found in the depths of my notes app.

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